

THE
METAMORPHOSIS
OF THE
TOWN;

A London

OR, A
View of the Present Fashions.

A
T A L E:
After the Manner of FONTAINE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

To which is added,
The JOURNAL of a MODERN LADY.
In a Letter to a Person of Quality. By Dr. SWIFT.

L O N D O N:

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THE METAMORPHOSIS

T. O. W. N.

OF THE

T. A. E.

After the Manner of

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THE
METAMORPHOSIS
OF THE
TOWN, &c.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fantastic Taste of the Age cannot be more naturally expressed, than by supposing some polite Person to arise from the Dead, and view the present Alteration. Which being improbable, the Author has inspired a Man of Sense and Honour with a Desire of revisiting the Town after above 40 Years Absence from it; and, to avoid the Absurdity of Soliloquy, has furnished him with an humble Companion, who, as he is no Ways qualified for a Censor, has the Modesty to speak but once throughout the whole Poem.

I.

A Knight long absent from the Town,
Who all its gay Delights had known;
Frequented Court, the Park, and Plays,
In good King *Charles* the Second's Days;
When Wit was cherish'd, and preferr'd,
And Taste, and Learning, found Regard.

But hold ! for just Decorum sake,
 This Knight some *Nom de Guerre* must take,
 Which may in Course hereafter, show him,
 To be the Hero ! of the Poem.

Wee'll call him *Lindo*: Let it pass ;
 From whence he came ; or who he was ;
 No Circumstance is, of the Tale:
 Politely bred, rich, young, and hale ;
 Thro' all the Rounds of Vice he'ad run,
 In search of Good, like *Solomon* :
 Yet nought beneath the Sun, he found
 On which his Happiness to ground.
 Quite tir'd with Pleasure's empty Chace,
 He gave to better Thoughts a Place ;
 And to a Country Life retir'd,
 There found that Bliss, his Soul desir'd.
 Sweet Air ; cool Thoughtits ; and quiet Rest,
 Were, to his Intellects, a Feast :
 And by the Difference, made him find
 A Scorn, for what he left behind.

An easy Fortune, pleasant Seat,
 Compact, and elegantly neat;
 Well chosen Books adorn his Shelf,
 And rural Sports preserve his Health.
 Courted, and lov'd, by all around;
 For Hospitality, renown'd:
 Yet, prudent Management was seen,
 Not too profuse; nor yet too mean.
 No Tenants Cries invade his Ears,
 He had their Blessings, and their Pray'rs;
 An Happiness he never knew
 'Midst all his idle joyial Crew,
 For *Lindo*, had a Taste refin'd;
 A noble, and exalted Mind:
 Courteous to all, and yet reserv'd:
 He Freedoms for his Friends preserv'd.

One, more than all the rest he chose,
 On whom to fix his Soul's Repose;
 Nor was mistaken in his Aim,
 For, *Belus* merited his Claim.

To him, he thus disclos'd his Mind,
 My Friend! 'tis true, I have resign'd
 A Life of Pleasure, long ago;
 And yet (methinks) I'd gladly know
 The Truth of what we daily hear,
 And see, how Things indeed appear,
 Come, wilt thou take a Trip to Town
 With me, unknowing, and unknown?
 Like Antiquaries, we'll survey
 The Monuments of Time's Decay,
 Sure it will yield a vast Delight,
 To recollect each pleasing Sight,
 And see what Lives Successors lead,
 'Twill be like Rising from the Dead;
 Well, study not for a Reply,
 I read Compliance in your Eye:
 To-morrow's dawning Sun, shall see
 We'll be as early out, as he.

So up they came, and take their Inn
 " At grizly Head of *Sarazen*;

What

What Servants said, or what they thought,
 It to the Reader matters not;
 For up to Town, they brought not one,
 Except the Beasts they rode upon:
 Here let them rest, a Day, or two,
 Then make a Tour, and take their View.

II.

Unto the Church! they first repair,
 But found no Alteration there;
 The self-same Worship, undefil'd,
Lindo was taught but when a Child;
 Thank Heav'n! cry'd he, so far we're right;
 The rest I hope, is all but Spight.

Come, now we'll o'er the City range,
 And visit next, the *Old Exchange*,
 Where like a Prince's Palace-Court,
 Agents, from all the World resort.
 'Tis now the Hour, and thou shalt see
 An universal Empory.
Belus, thou never wer't in Town,
 Mark well, the Riches there are shown, The

The gold Brocades, and curious Laces,
 The crowded Shops and pretty Faces,
 Of smiling Nymphs, with all their Paces,
 Of what d'ye lack Sir? What d'ye buy?
 The Money from thy Purse will fly,
 For who such Askers, can deny?

Ha! What is this? The Gates are shut,
 Pray, Youth, let me a Question put,
 You live so near, you can't but know
 From whence this sudden Turn does flow!

The Boy replied, with saucy Sneer,
 No sudden Turn, it is; I swear:
 Where have you slept, old Father *Time*?
 The Hours are chang'd, from One, to Nine.

Lindo, who liv'd great as a Lord,
 Honour'd by all, almost ador'd;
 Was strangely piqu'd, to find the Lad
 No Grace, nor better Manners had.
 He knows me not (thought he) 'tis true;
 But Reverence to my Age is due;

It was not thus in former Years,
 Respect attended, Silver Hairs:
 Now ev'ry rude, ill natur'd Chit,
 Thinks Impudence, a piece of Wit.

But pass we this: When up he came,
 And found but one poor Shop remain,
 Of eighty-two; which there he left,
 He stood aghast! some say he wept!
O Tempora! O Mores! said he,
 Here treated I, my dearest Lady;
 Now 'stead of Pearls, and Diamond Drops,
 Cobwebs, are grown o'er all the Shops.
 That which is left, looks full as bad,
 The Shelves are thin, the Master sad,
 What he has got, we'll go and try,
 For sure, 'tis Charity to buy.

A noble Purchase, *Lindo* made,
 Some few such Chaps, wou'd raise a Trade,
 And falling into Converse free,
 Had this Account of t'other three.

" *Salisbury*, has, for many Years
 " Been *Cecil-Street*, which Name it bears.
 " And *Exeter*, has long since been
 " Transmuted, to another Scene,
 " Where 'stead of Dresses for the Head,
 " You'll now find Dresses for the Dead.
 " The *New Exchange*, in part remains,
 " But thinly peopled, small their Gains,
 " And since your Honour asks me why,
 " To shew the Cause, I now will try.

" The Ladies Taste, is alter'd quite,
 " Whether for Grandeur or Delight,
 " I can't resolve! But sadly find,
 " Shop-Trade goes, daily, more behind.
 " While prattling Gossips, they admit
 " To interlope, and shew their Wit,
 " By carrying Tales from one to t'other,
 " A world of Faults, in Goods they smother.
 " They dearer sell, than we can do,
 " And yet, divide our Profit too.

" This

“ This hawking Traffick, hugely takes,
“ and weekly, fresh Insolvents makes.”

All this is wrong, good *Lindo* cries,
And hinders Trade, and Merchandize :
I'm sorry, for these Truths you tell,
And wish it better: So farewell.

Now at *Pontack's* we'll take a Bit
Shall quicken Nature's Appetite :
Here shew a Room ; What have you got ?
The Waiter (cries) “ What have we not ;
“ All that the Season can afford,
“ Fresh, fat, and fine, upon my Word.
“ A Guinea Ordinary, Sir ?
Ay, ay, let's have it quick and nice,
“ I'll serve your Honours in a trice.

Well, Thanks to Fortune there's the *Name*,
The *House*, and *Manners*, still the same :
No Change throughout the whole appears
But Faces, by the Length of Years.

Now *Belus*, now, thou soon shalt see
Earth, Air, and Water, yield to Thee
Their Tribute of Variety.

The Cloth being laid, thereon was set
A Service ev'ry way compleat
Adorn'd, and beautifully dress'd,
But what it was, cou'd not be guess'd.
They taste of one, and taste of t'other,
And gaze, with Wonder, on each other.

Here (Waiter) you the Truth must know,
Quoth *Lindo*, speak your Raree-Show.

“ This Birds-Nest Soup from *China* brought,
“ Far fetch'd, and very dearly bought ;
“ They were bespoke, Sir, by a Lord,
But to oblige you, broke my Word.

“ That, a Ragoust, of fatted Snails,
“ Which Novelty now much prevails.
“ This *Bantam* Pig, but one Day old,
“ Is richly worth its Weight in Gold:

“ A Pud:

" A Pudding too within it is,

" Made of hard Row, and Ambergris.

" *French* Pease are here, in Gravy stew'd,

" With Cheese, and Garlick, wond'rous good,

" This an incomparable Tart,

" Of Frogs, and Forc'd-meat, made with Art:

" And this so nicely sauced with Shrimp,

" Is Cod, and I can swear it Crimp.

" These, Sir, are Chickens in surprize,

" The finest, ever blest my Eyes:

" And if your Honour views them well,

" They've not been two Hours, from the Shell.

Zookers (quoth *Lindo*) spare your Date,
You make one Puke, to hear you Prate.

Here take away your filthy Treat,

And bring us somewhat, we can eat.

A Mutton-Chop, or honest Stake,

Some Recompence for this will make.

Which small Refreshment being made,

And Princely Reckoning, freely paid.

Adieu

Adieu *Pontack*, for I foresee
Thou'lt ne'er take Penny more of me:
If this be call'd, an Eating well,
I never shall in Taste excell.

Why (*Belus*) dost thou pout, and frown
Come tell me, how dost like the Town?
" Oh! not at all; wou'd we were down.

All in good Time, a while we'll stay,
And end this inauspicious Day!
With seeing of a merry Play.
Let's read the Bill, the Town's Delight,
The *Beggars Opera*, to Night:
I warrant 'tis a merry Scene,
Will make us laugh, and ease our Spleen,
And, so let's boldly enter in.

The Dress and Musick, they admire!
But Sound, and Shew, will quickly tire,
If Sense, and Reason, are not found
The Basis of the Work to ground.
So far'd it here, with *Lindo's* Taste,
Two tedious Acts were dully past, When

When Patience fail'd : A Magpie's Chatter,
(Cried he's) beyond this Clitter Clatter,
Of Ballad Fragments, without Matter.

Nor Sense, nor Moral, Plot, nor End,
To what does all this Fustian tend?

Come let's to t'other House repair,
And see old Doctor *Faustus*, there,
'Tis said he was a Man of Art,
And surely now, must top his Part,
His dext'rous Slight of Hand survey,
And see this Hocus Pocus Play.

Away these two Inspectors went,
And for a while were well content,
Till dreadful Dragon, yawn'd for Battle;
Thunder, and Light'ning round them rattle,
Hell open'd, and a Sight display'd,
Might make the stoutest Heart afraid.

Ah me ! sigh'd *Lindo*, can this stand
With Reason, in a Christian Land?

Can

Can we believe Futurity,
 And yet such Sights with Pleasure see ?
 O! dangerous, rash Impiety.
 Here leave we them, unto their Rest,
 How much delighted, may be guess'd.

III.

Next Morn they rose not till 'twas late,
 When *Lindo*, thus address'd his Mate.

So much I have mistaken been,
 In what we have already seen,
 I'll promise nothing for the Day,
 But take our Chance, as fall it may.
 Let's to the Abby now repair,
 And view the sacred Relicks there ;
 Th' Antiquities of *England* see,
 Well worth our Curiosity.
 The Tombs run o'er with canting Tone
 Of conqu'ring *Edward* ; Princess *Joan*,
 Huddled amuss, and tack'd together,
 Or right or wrong, no Matter whether,

It serves the Turn, and gets the Pence,
Chronology is banish'd hence.

The Man dismiss'd, they walk around,
Many new Monuments they found,
In all Art's Workmanship compleat,
Grand, and magnificently neat;
And many fine Inscriptions read,
Which ne'er belong'd unto the Dead.
See *Belus*, here, what Time discovers,
Ladies build Altars to their Lovers:
The Husbands were not jealous sure,
Else some Distaste it might procure.
But this in Days of Innocence,
When Love *Platonick* rul'd o'er Sense,
And neither fear'd, nor gave Offence.

But now we'll to the Park repair,
And breathe the wholesome Morning Air.

All the *Beau Monde*, will there resort,
And we, perhaps may see the Court.

He said ; nor waited a Reply,
 (Readers will guess the Reason why)
 Humble Companions, mayn't dispute;
 Their Patron's Will, is absolute.

I wish (cried *Lindo*) we may find
 A Man, adapted to my Mind ;
 Who knows the Court, the Park, and Town,
 To tell us who ? and what is done ?
 Lo ! there sits one : Ay, that is he,
 If Truth is in Physiognomy.

Your Servant Sir, if you admit,
 We'll rest a while, upon this Seat.

Gent. Sir, 'tis as free for you, as me ;
 And much I like, good Company :
 The King, and Queen, will walk to Day,
 And for their coming, here I stay.
 See, they appear ! How grand their Mien
 Tho' plainly dress'd, their Rank is seen.

Lindo. But why so plain, is *Britain's* Queen ?

Gent. It shews her great Humility,
 And learns her Subjects Housewifry.

Lin-

Lindo. But why so thinly guarded here?

Gent. Good Sir, they are devoid of Fear,

They are no Tyrants, dread no Foes,

Their Subjects Love, is their Repose :

May God preserve them ! say I then,

Lindo. I'll be your Clerk, and cry Amen :

But where's the Family to Day?

Gent. They're all rid out, another Way.

Lindo. Look yonder comes a pleasant Crew

With high-crown'd Hats, long Aprons too ;

Good pretty Girls, I vow, and swear,

But, wherefore do they hide their Ware.

Gent. Ware, what d'ye mean? What is't
you tell?

Lindo. Why? Don't they Eggs, and Butter sell?

Such Country Lasses, I shou'd know

By gay Experience long ago.

Gent. You know! you are mistaken quite,

She on the Left-hand drest in White,

Is Lady——her Spouse a Knight.

But for the other lov'ly three,
They all Right Honourables be.

Lindo. Nay, now indeed, you make me smile,
How pleasantly you Time beguile,
Mark that affected Toss; and Stride,
Hands, hung like Bobbins by her Side:
And t'others Arms, on Kimbow bent,
As if to fight, were her Intent.
What tell you us, of Ladies fair,
If so, the Masqueraders are?
Such Airs as these, can ne'er become
A Front-Box; or the Drawing-Room:
Look, they accost some round-ear'd Caps
Straw, lin'd with Green, their *May-day* Hats,
What formal Bows, and awkward Daps:
Now Sir, I'm sure, you cannot fail
To own, these carry Milking-Pail;
Their Hats are flatted on the Crown,
And shew the Weight that press'd them down.

Gent.

Gent. How strangely wrong is your Report,
 These Ladies, all belong to Court:
 This Fashionable Disshabill,
 Has long prevail'd, and longer will.
 For why, this candid Country Dress,
 Does Native Innocence express:
 I find, you have been long abroad,
 And do not know the present Mode:
 These noble Peers, which now you see,
 Are proud to join their Company.

Lindo. Lords call you them; stay let me
 view!
 Well made, if Nature had her due:
 Nay, take my Word, are handsome too.
 But sure the Taylor, wrong'd them both,
 When to that Suit he cut his Cloth.
 What Straitness on the Skirts appears?
 The Neck, is rais'd up to the Ears;
 Which to the flattest Shoulders give,
 A rising Fulness. As I live!

The

The Hair, of one is tied behind,
And platted, like a Womankind.
While t'other, carries on his back,
In silken Bag, a monstrous Pack :
But pray, what's that much like a Whip,
Which with the Air does wav'ring skip
From Side, to Side, and Hip, to Hip. }

Gent. Sir, Do not look so fierce, and big,
It is a modish Pigtail Wig.

Lindo Z—nds, cannot they this Mode re-
fine,
What deck their Head, with Tail of Swine.
(Forgive my Passion, it is Wrong)
But what is that which rides along,
With fable Helmet, Bever Down,
And Muffler, brac'd up to the Crown.
Pettycoats too; *Ob Homines!*
Some bold, Hermaphrodite, is this.

Gent. Sir, 'tis a Lady chaste and fair,
Return'd from taking of the Air :

The

The Hunting Cap, you Helmet call,
Is now a Fashion with them all.

Lindo. Our Hats and Coats, long worn have
they,
And Breeches too, if in their Way:
Then let them bravely mount astride,
And like true *Amazonians* ride:

Gent. How obstinately you pursue
Old Customs, and condemn the new:
Go on! and prosper; take your Will,
Be resolute, and peevish still:
And yet, I'll lay a Guinea Stake,
That I shall you a Convert make.
Since so displeas'd with Negligence,
And Disabillees give Offence,
View well that Set of Ladies there,
How perfectly well dress'd they are,
Not Envy, can a Blemish spy,
Like Forms in Wax, they charm the Eye,
Each, like a Sovereign Queen does move,
And, represents the Wife of *Jove*. *Lindo.*

Lindo. Why, this is worse than all the rest,
A somewhat ! not to be express'd :
So stiff ; so forced ; as if by Art,
A Puppet mov'd, and play'd its Part.

That Length of Stomacher before,
Hook'd down, as 'twas in Days of Yore,
No graceful Turn, of Neck, admits,
But serves our sensual Appetites :
For seeing Bubbies so display'd,
We think an easy Conquest made,
Tho' Nymphs (perhaps) be as unwilling,
As those, who stand in Fear of killing.

The Length of Waist too vile appears,
It lifts the Shoulders, to the Ears :
And Sleeves tuck'd half Way up the Arm,
Sir, call you this a Dress to Charm?
It is to qualify a Shame,
To seem, as they from washing came.

I own (with you) these are most fair,
And nat'rally well shapen are ;

But if continued at this Rate,
You'll scarcely find one Woman strait:

And as it is, if you but mind,
Not one in fifty, you will find
That is not to one Side inclin'd.
For by this set, unplaited Gown,
The least Defect is fully shewn:
And what in one Part is suppress'd,
Forces its Way into the rest:
Ev'n Nature is of Health bereav'd,
And Life ebbs out, thus unperceiv'd.

It was not thus in former Days
(I speak it to our Fathers Praise,)
Then Cloaths for Ornament were worn,
And Fashions studied, to adorn:
Easy, and free; without Offence,
Or Strain, to Nature's Excellence,
Her Faults conceal'd, her Charms display'd,
Redoubled Beauties, we survey'd.

Gent. Sir, if you can, a Word admit?

Lindo. No Sir, I've not done with them yet:

D

Those

Those Angel Faces! who can see
 (And not a griev'd Spectator be,)
 Transform'd by Dress, like *Friezland* Hen,
 With Feathers turning back agen.

The Curls, which shou'd the Forehead shade,
 Stand staring up like Horns display'd,
 As if they did our Sex defy!

" (Look for it Men, if e'er you try)
 And 'stead of graceful Front there shows
 A Pullet's Rump, just o'er the Nose.

Oh *Britain!* as Historians tell,
 Thy Women, bore away the Bell;
 An handsome Nation, were allow'd,
 And *Europe*, to their Beauties bow'd.
 But now, alas! 'tis plainly shewn,
 Of Comlinefs, they're weary grown:
 And Men (forfooth) to please their Taste,
 Disguise themselves, ev'n full as fast.

Come *Belus*, now we'll hasten down,
 And never more, approach the Town.
 And Sir, for your Civility,
 All humble Thanks receive from me. *The*

The Journal of a Modern L A D Y.

S I R,

IT was a most unfriendly Part
In you who ought to know my Heart ;

Are well acquainted with my Zeal

For all the Females Common-weal.

How cou'd it come into your Mind

To pitch on me of all Mankind,

Against the Sex to write a Satire,

And brand me for a Woman-Hater ?

On me, who think them all so fair,

They rival *Venus* to a Hair :

Their Virtues never ceas'd to sing,

Since first I learn'd to tune a String.

Methinks I hear the Ladies cry,

Will he his Character belye ?

Must never our Misfortunes end ?

And have we lost our only Friend ?

Ah, lovely Nymph, remove your Fears,

No more let fall those precious Tears.

Sooner shall, &c. [Here several Verses are omitted.]

*The Hound be hunted by the Hare,
Than I turn Rebel to the Fair.*

'Twas you engaged me first to write,
 Then gave the Subject out of Spite.
 The *Journal* of a Modern Dame,
 Is by my Promise what you claim;
 My Word is past, I must submit,
 And yet perhaps you may be bit.
 I but transcribe, for not a Line,
 Of all the Satire shall be mine.
 Compell'd by you to tag in Rhimes
 The common Slanders of the Times,
 Of modern Times, the Guilt is yours,
 And me my Innocence secures:
 Unwilling Muse, begin thy Lay,
 The Annals of a Female Day.

By Nature turn'd to play the Rake-well,
 As we shall shew you in the Sequel;
 The modern Dame is wak'd by Noon,
 Some Authors say not quite so soon;
 Because, though sore against her Will,
 She sat all Night up at *Quadrill*.
 She stretches, gapes, unglues her Eyes,
 And asks if it be time to rise.

Of

Of Head-ach, and the Spleen complains;
 And then to cool her heated Brains,
 Her Night-gown and her Slippers brought her,
 Takes a large Dram of Citron Water.

Then to her Glafs; and *Betty*, pray
 Don't I look frightfully to Day?
 But, was it not confounded hard?
 Well, if I ever touch a Card:
 Four *Mattadores*, and lose *Codill*;
 Depend upon't, I never will!
 But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix
 The Ladies here to Night by Six.
 Madam, the Goldsmith waits below,
 He says, his Business is to know
 If you'll redeem the Silver Cup,
 You pawn'd to him. First shew him up.
 Your Dressing-Plate, he'll be content
 To take, for Interest *Cent per Cent*.
 And, Madam, there's my Lady *Spade*
 Hath sent this Letter by her Maid.
 Well, I remember what she won;
 And hath she sent so soon to dun? Here

Here, carry down those ten Pistoles;
 My Husband left to pay for Coals:
 I thank my Stars, they are all light;
 And I may have Revenge to Night.
 Now, loitering o'er her Tea and Cream,
 She enters on her usual Theme;
 Her last Night's ill Success repeats,
 Calls Lady *Spade* a hundred Cheats:
 She flipt Spadillo in her Breast,
 Then thought to turn it to a Jest.
 There's Mrs. *Cut*, and she combine,
 And to each other give the Sign.
 Through ev'ry Game pursues her Tale,
 Like Hunters o'er their Evening Ale.

Now to another Scene give Place,
 Enter the Folks with Silks and Lace:
 Fresh Matter for a World of Chat,
 Right *Indian* this, right *Macklin* that;
 Observe this Pattern; there's a Stuff,
 I can have Customers enough.
 Dear Madam, you are grown so hard,
 This Lace is worth twelve Pounds a Yard:

Madam,

Madam, if there be Truth in Man,
I never sold so cheap a Fan.

This Business of Importance o'er,
And Madam, almost dress'd by Four;
The Footman, in his usual Phrase,
Comes up with, Madam, Dinner stays;
She answers in her usual Stile,
The Cook must keep it back a-while;
I never can have Time to Dress,
No Woman breathing takes up less;
I'm hurried so, it makes me sick,
I wish the Dinner at *Old Nick*.
At Table now she acts her Part,
Has all the Dinner-Cant by Heart:
I thought we were to Dine alone,
My Dear, for sure if I had known
This Company would come to Day,
But really 'tis my Spouse's Way;
He's so unkind, he never sends
To tell, when he invites his Friends:
I wish ye may but have enough;
And while, with all this paultry Stuff, She

She sits tormenting every Guest,
 Nor gives her Tongue one Moment's Rest;
 In Phrases batter'd, stale and trite,
 Which Modern Ladies call polite;
 You see the Booby Husband sit
 In Admiration at her Wit.

But let me now a-while survey
 Our Madam o'er her Ev'ning Tea;
 Surrounded with her Noisy Clans
 Of Prudes, Coquets, and Harridans;
 When frighted at the clamorous Crew,
 Away the God of Silence flew:
 And fair Discretion left the Place,
 And Modesty with blushing Face;
 Now enters over-weening Pride,
 And Scandal ever gaping wide,
 Hypocrisy with Frown severe,
 Scurrility with gibing Air;
 Rude Laughter seeming like to burst,
 And Malice always judging worst;
 And Vanity with Pocket-Glass,
 And Impudence with Front of Brass; And

And studied Affectation came,
 Each Limb, and Feature out of Frame;
 While Ignorance, with Brain of Lead,
 Flew hov'ring o'er each Female Head.

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
 An Hundred Tongues, as Poets use,
 When, to give ev'ry Dame her Due,
 An Hundred Thousand were too few!
 Or how shall I, alas! relate,
 The Sum of all their senseless Prate,
 Their Inuendo's, Hints, and Slanders,
 Their Meanings lewd, and double Entenders.
 Now comes the general Scandal Charge,
 What some invent, the rest enlarge;
 And, Madam, if it be a Lye,
 You have the Tale as cheap as I:
 I must conceal my Author's Name,
 But now 'tis known to common Fame.
 Say, foolish Females, Old and Blind,
 Say, by what Fatal Turn of Mind,
 Are you on Vices most severe,
 Wherein yourselves have greatest Share?

E

Thus

Thus every Fool herself deludes,
 The Prudes condemn the absent Prudes.
Mopsa, who stinks her Spouse to Death,
 Accuses *Chloe's* tainted Breath :
Hircina rank with Sweat, presumes
 To censure *Phillis* for Perfumes :
 While crooked *Cynthia* swearing says,
 That *Florimet* wears Iron Stays.
Chloe's of ev'ry Coxcomb jealous,
 Admires how Girls can talk with Fellows,
 And full of Indignation frets
 That Women should be such Coquets.
Iris, for Scandal most notorious,
 Cries, Lord, the World is so censorious ;
 And *Rufa* with her Comb of Lead,
 Whispers that *Sappho's* Hair is Red.
Aura, whose Tongue you hear a Mile hence,
 Talks half a Day in praise of Silence :
 And *Sylvia* full of inward Guilt,
 Calls *Amoret* an arrant Jilt.
 Now Voices over Voices rise ;
 While each to be the loudest vies, They

They contradict, affirm, dispute,
 No single Tongue one Moment mute;
 All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
 They set the very Lap-Dog barking;
 Their Chattering makes a louder Din
 Than Fish-Wives o'er a Cup of Gin;
 Not School-boys at a barring out,
 Rais'd ever such incessant Rout:
 The Shumbling Particles of Matter
 In Chaos make not such a Clatter:
 Far less the Rabble roar and rail,
 When drunk with four Election Ale.
 Nor do they trust their Tongue alone,
 To speak a Language of their own;
 Can read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look;
 Far better than a printed Book.
 Convey a Libel in a Frown,
 And wink a Reputation down;
 Or by the tossing of the Fan,
 Describe the Lady and the Man.

But, see the Female Club disbands,
 Each, twenty Visits on her Hands :
 Now all alone poor Madam sits,
 In Vapours and Hysterick Fits :

And was not *Tom* this Morning sent ?
 I'd lay my Life he never went :
 Past Six, and not a living Soul !
 I might by this have won a Vole,
 A dreadful Interval of Spleen !
 How shall we pass the Time between,
 Here *Betty*, let me take my Drops,
 And feel my Pulse, I know it stops :
 This Head of mine, Lord, how it swims !
 And such a Pain in all my Limbs !
 Dear Madam, try to take a Nap :
 But now they hear a Foot-Mans Rap :
 Go run, and light the Ladies up :
 It must be One before we Sup.
 The Table, Cards, and Counters set,
 And all the Gamester Ladies met,
 Her Spleen and Fits recover'd quite,
 Our Madam can sit up all Night ;

Who

Who ever comes I'm not within,
Quadrill the Word, and so begin.
 How can the Muse her Aid impart,
 Unskill'd in all the Terms of Art?
 Or in harmonious Numbers put
 The Deal, the Shuffle, and the Cut?
 The superfluous Whims relate,
 That fill a Female Gamester's Pate;
 What Agony of Soul she feels
 To see a Knave's inverted Heels;
 She draws up Card by Card, to find
 Good Fortune peeping from behind;
 With panting Heart, and earnest Eyes,
 In hope to see *Spadillo* rise;
 In vain, alas! her 'Hope is fed;
 She draws an Ace, and sees it red.
 In ready Counters never pays,
 But pawns her Snuff-Box, Rings, and Keys.
 Ever with some new Fancy struck,
 Tries twenty Charms to mend her Luck.
 This Morning when the Parson came,
 I said I should not win a Game. This

This odious Chair how came I stuck in't?
 I think I never had good Luck in't.
 I'm so uneasy in my Stays;
 Your Fan, a Moment, if you please.
 Stand further Girl, or get you gone,
 I always lose, when you look on.
 Lord, Madam, you have lost Codill;
 I never saw you play so ill.
 Nay, Madam, give me leave to say
 'Twas you that threw the Game away;
 When Lady *Tricksy* play'd a Four,
 You took it with a Matadore;
 I saw you touch your Wedding-Ring
 Before my Lady call'd a King,
 You spoke a Word began with H,
 And I know whom you mean to teach,
 Because you held the King of Hearts;
 Fie, Madam, leave these little Arts.
 That's not so bad as one that rubs
 Her Chair to call the King of Clubs,
 And makes her Partner understand
 A Matadore is in her Hand. Ma-

Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
 I swear I saw you thrice renounce.
 And truly, Madam, I know when
 Instead of Five you scold'd me Ten.
Spadillo here has got a Mark,
 A Child may know it in the Dark:
 I guess the Hand, it seldom fails,
 I wish some Folks would pare their Nails.
 While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
 It passes but for common Form;
 Are conscious that they all speak true,
 And give each other but their Due,
 It never interrupts the Game,
 Or makes 'em sensible of Shame.
 The Time too precious now to waste,
 The Supper gobbled up in haste:
 Again afresh to Cards they run,
 As if they had but just begun:
 Yet I shall not again repeat
 How oft they squabble, snarl and cheat:
 At last they hear the Watchman knock,
A frosty Morn---Past Four a Clock. The

The Chair-men are not to be found,
Come, let us play the t'other Round.

Now, all in haste they huddle on
Their Hoods, their Cloaks, and get them gone,
But first, the Winner must invite
The Company to-morrow Night.

Unlucky Madam left in Tears,
Who now again *Quadrill* forswears,
With empty Purse and aching Head,
Steals to her sleeping Spouse to Bed!

F I N I S.

